

The Story of Val Haddock

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Summary: (This is a little thing I did, since she was never in the movie, I decided to guess what Hiccup's mother Val's life might have been like, hope you enjoy it) Val was a young viking who was born in a hard time. She did what was expected of her and yet no one saw her as nothing more then a Hicca. And as good as things got when she got married, they got worse the night of her death.

The Story of Val Haddock

It was a quiet and cold night like any other on Berk, vikings and their children laid sleeping as the night watchers looked for signs of dragon attacks.

Now you may be wondering why dragons would be attacking after the fight with the red death...

But here's the thing, this story takes place before all that, before Hiccup, Astrid and all the others were born...

>No, our story takes place before it all...<p>

Our story begins, with a young viking girl, who was thinner and smaller then the others in her family, she was covered from head to toe in freckles, she had a round and soft baby face, making her

look younger then she is. She had long wavy brown hair, her bangs parted at the side and curled along with a curly lock of hair that hung in front of both ears. Her hair had a small braid behind the ear and was usually styled in a pony tail with another braid to tie it in place. She had long eye lashed and stunning emeralds for eyes, she was a beautiful young girl of 13 and her name was...

Valhallarama...

Valhallarama Hicca Jorgenson, or Val the Mouse as was her given title

from the moment she could lift an ax.

Like I said, everything was quiet, until a loud thunder-like rawer awoke the small viking from her peaceful slumber, despite her older brothers snoring...

The girl sat up quickly and looked out her window to see yet another dragon raid was in progress, "By the Gods...!" she quickly put on her fur cape and grabbed her Ax after putting on her boots, she looked back to see Spitelout, her brother, was still asleep.

"Oi! Spitelout!" she shouted throwing his boots at him, "Wake Up! Goat Breath!" she jumped out the window ignoring her brothers shouting as she slid down the roof and landed on her feet. Now Val, she was quick on her feet and was strong enough to lift an ax, but it wasn't strong enough to kill a dragon, only defend.

As she ran to help put out the fire the other viking teens came into view, "Mornin!" she shouted.

"I think ye need to stay inside for this one Lass" a young Stoick said getting a bucket, "They don't need help destroying the village" he said referring to her often fail attempts to help because of her clumsiness early in the morning.

"Oh shut it...!" she said filling a bucket and throwing the water on the fire. Val wasn't really one for trying to help stop the raids first thing in the morning, especially when she had finally gotten to sleep.

"So what are we dealing with tonight?" she asked blonde viking by the name of Wild Fire (Astrid's Mother) "Well more Natters then Nightmares by my count," she said as the two walked away from the fire as it became bigger from a grunkle firing into it by mistake.

She sighed and ran over to the smithery, "Morning Gobber!" she said to the larger viking teen as he sharpened the weapons, "Good to see you haven't been carried off yet!" Val rolled her eyes at his comment, "Yeah... I'm way to tough for them... I wouldn't taste too good..." she said with a sarcastic tone.

"Hey Hicca!" she heard her annoying brother shout, "Its Val Goat Breath!" she shouted back angrily, "What Ever! Get Back Here And Put Out The Fire!"

"Ok Ok!" she shouted grabbing her bucket, she filled it with water and tried to put out a fire, and kept doing that until...

Her pelt caught fire, "Oh My Gods! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" she screamed running around as WildFire, and Trout(Fishlegs mom) tried to put her out.

Mean while a few teenaged Vikings leaned against the wall having a bite to eat "Oi Stoick" A young and less savage looking Alvin said tapping his cousin's shoulder, Stoick looked at him chewing his sandwich, the dragons were gone so it was time for a breakfast break.

"Look" he chuckled pointing to Val as she ran around screaming, the

red haired teen chuckled almost choking on his meat. The two laughed and watched her as she kept running.

The Green eyed girl jumped into an over sized barrel of water putting out the fire, "Ya think she's ok?" Savage asked drinking some yak milk. "Dunno..." Alvin replied. "Poor thing, she should just move off this island..." Savage said laughing, "It would be easier on everyone, not like she'll find a husband with a figure like-" the black haired viking stopped and the other two followed his gaze, Stoick's green eyes widened.

Val shook the water from her beautiful brown hair, the braids holding it coming undone, she hopped out and pushed her bangs out of her face and looked over to the teenage boys, the sun was rising, and the amber light caught her green gem like eyes so well they seemed to glow, and her baggy clothes stuck to her figure showing it off perfectly.

All the male vikings jaws were on the ground as she walked past them.

Yes, she was thin, awkward, sarcastic, sassy, but she was also beautiful when you were looking at her instead of looking at how small she was. Stoick noticed that she was shivering like a hairless sheep, he snapped out of his trance and walked up to her, he unhooked his fur from his armor and placed it around her, "You ok?"

Val blushed and smiled nodding, "Y-Yeah... thanks..." the two looked into one another's eyes and they both saw stars in one another's green eyes. "Your welcome, Hic-... er, I mean... Valhallarama..." he said rubbing his neck.

"Call me Val..." she said with a giggle making him blush.

"Ok... Val..."

Now Stoick and Val had know each other for a while, but Stoick was 16 and she was 13 so they never really exchanged many words between each other, he was always busy with other things to pay much attention to her, and he had heard everyone call her Hicca, so he often did so too, and up till now she never asked him to call her Val.

Time past and not only did Love grow but jealousy as well, both Alvin and Stoick wanted Val's hand in marriage, but she wasn't having either of them at the moment, she was only 14, and she had yet to make her mark.

All her life Val was made fun of, compared to her jerky brother, and was nothing but a Hiccup to her parents, but she was also stubborn, determined, brave, smart, and cunning. In fact she lost every Thraufest, and every time it was to her older brother, but each year, she'd just smile and say she'd beat him next time, she said that every time she lost to him.

She had lost count of how many times he had beaten her in a fight, and each time her eyes would start to water and he'd call her a crybaby, which of course started another fight.

Val was of course faster then him, so when she needed to get away to have some peace of mind, she could easily lose him in the forest, and

he was of course too thick skulled to ask her where she had been when she got. And this was one of those times.

The brown haired girl jumped over bushes and ducked under branches faster than Spitelout could, "Come Back Here Hicca!"

"You'll have to catch me first!" she shouted disappearing from sight like always. Spitelout cursed under his breath and walked away kicking up rocks, Val giggled and walked happily to the cove where she often spent her after noons drawing, curls up in the rare warm sun, or playing with her secret friends.

And she wanted to keep it that way, because if her parents knew, Thor knows what they'd do...

A little green Terrible Terror flew up to her as she sat down on a rock, "Hello Terry," she said petting it.

Now unlike the larger dragons, Terror's were less of a threat, they were more like big barn rats, but Val, now she only killed dragons, because that was expected of her, and she needed to keep her village as safe as possible. She was brave, but she feared she'd never be brave enough to stand up, and speak out, she knew dragons could be gentle and kind, but who would listen to or believe a Hiccup?

"I wish I could be like you Terry... you're so much braver than me..." she sighed and it nuzzled under her chin, "Even though you could be killed if someone found out, or my brother managed to follow me... you still come back to me..."

The little dragon chirped and tilted its head. Val just smiled and laid in the grass. "I hope one day... that my child will do what I'm too afraid to do..."

Val had always thought about what her child would be like, unlike most vikings, she hoped it would be a Hiccup, because only a hiccup is smart enough to figure things out, "And we're the only ones gentle enough to listen and understand... what others call weak... is real strength..." she closed her eyes and fell asleep in the warm sun.

A tear ran down her face, if she got her wish and her child was a Hiccup, she feared what other children would do to them, her life on Berk had so much Hell, that only being alone brought her any peace of mind, if she could, she'd run away from Berk, and never look back, she learn everything she could about the world and its creatures, she'd go to where it was sunny most of the year, and have as many adventures as possible...

But she couldn't leave...

There was someone keeping her here...

But she feared not even Stoick would listen to her if she told him about Terry...

And that's what made her heart ache the most...

A year passed her by, and her dearest friend had died...

>She barred the little Terror under its favorite tree in the cove, and stayed there until the sun set... Now that her friend was gone,

she never again returned to the cove...<p>

And in that same year, she agreed to marry Stoick, she needed someone to take the pain of being what she was away, and the next Chief was just the viking, he didn't mind that she loved to read and draw, she was perfect the way she was.

He understood that his wife was different, and he didn't care, she was strong and could stand on her own two feet, he didn't see her as helpless or frail, he saw her as a warrior. And that's just what she was..

Their wedding day was a big celebration, and the news about they're soon to be child was even bigger.

Stoick was so excited and so impatient to find out if it was a boy or a girl, of course he wanted a boy, but he was fine with a girl too, Val didn't mind either way, she was happy so long as it was born.

Every night before bed stoick would listen to his child as his wife stroked his hair, "When do you think they'll be born?"

Val giggled, he seemed to grow more impatient with each passing day, "When they decide my love..." she said smiling. She was now 16, she was married, she had a loving husband, and a child on the way, which she'd adore with all her heart and soul.

But the night her baby was born seemed like a hellish night, her child would soon be born, in the middle of a dragon raid, Stoick ran as fast as he could careful not to harm his wife or child as he rushed up the steps of the great hall, it was the only place safe enough for them both. He laid Val down on a bed of hay and held her hand, "I'll be back... and may the gods be with you my dear..."

Val nodded looking weak as the barn maid tended to her, Stoick left to help the others.

Lightning struck and riled up dragons even more as they attacked. He had to help, even though he wanted more than anything to be with her wife and soon to be born child.

Val's screams echoed through the great hall as she gave birth, she hoped more than anything that her husband and child would be safe, the pain was almost too much to bare.

Stoick fought hard as he drove off the beasts, but he feared the worst when he couldn't hear the baby's first cries the moment he walked through the doors. He rushed over to his wife to see was holding they're new child in her arms crying happily as she laid next to it.

"Stoick... its a boy..." she said not taking her eyes off her child, "May I?" he asked happily wanting to hold his new son, Val nodded and he took him into his arms. the baby was so tiny, and seemed so frail, even for a new born, "He's perfect my love..." he said as the new born looked up at him with his big green eyes, "He looks just like you..."

He laid the boy back down with his mother and she held his little

hand, "Why don't we name him Hamish, after your grandfather..." Stoick said remembering he needed a name.

"No... Hamish doesn't fit right... his name will be Hiccup... Hiccup Horrendous Haddock The III..." she said smiling, "That's a name that will go down in Viking history..." and with that Hiccup fell asleep with his mother, and in the morning they would return home together.

And just like she promised, she adored her little Hiccup more and more with each passing day, they both knew from the moment he could crawl that he was different, but Val didn't mind, she loved her little Hiccup with all her heart.

One day she sewed together a stuffed Nadder doll for him, but the moment she gave it to him, he screamed at the top of his little lungs and started crying, heart broken at his reaction she sat in her rocking chair, she was hoping he'd love it, she was more sad that she had frightened him than the fact he didn't like it.

But then there was Hiccup, he crawled up to his mommy and she picked him up hugging him as he smiled at her, that cute little smile always made her happy.

The moment he could pick up a coal pencil and draw, Val was happy to see that her little darling was so creative, and was always delighted to see his drawings. Before bed he would sit in her lap as she read to him and told him stories. Stoick tried to be a good father and understand, but Hiccup was so different from the way he was as a child.

He tried to teach Hiccup what his father taught him, starting with hitting his head on a rock, which didn't end well. Val had come out to tell them dinner was ready only to find her child passed out on the ground with his head bleeding.

Now Val wasn't usually violent with her husband, but there was hell to pay, and no one, not even Stoick was aloud to harm her child, and if you think Spitelout didn't get an earful when Hiccup would come home with bruises from Snoutlout beating him up, your wrong, she was scarier than a monstrous nightmare when she was over the top pissed off.

She nearly bit their heads off.

She never had to worry about Alvin or Savage messing with her child, because they both had disappeared the day of her wedding, she guessed Alvin was mad and jealous that she chose Stoick over him, and left, and Savage just followed like always.

She was thankful for that, worried that their negativity would affect Hiccup.

Val would always encourage Hiccup to be himself, and she'd always tell him he was something special, which always made him happy to hear. Another thing she loved about him was his imagination, every time they went to go fishing he would start looking for trolls, while Stoick thought it was silly, Val thought it was adorable.

One night after putting her child to bed she had felt something

ominous in the air, and feared the worse, she walked over to her love after he had gotten home from a meeting, "Stoick?"

"Yes my love?"

"I want you to promise me something..."

"What is it?"

"Promise me... that if anything happens to me... that you'll always love Hiccup... please... I want him to grow up happy and he needs to be himself... promise me..."

Stoick took her hands into his, "Of course my dear... I'll protect him with my life... I promise..."

"Mommy...?" a little voice said and she turned around to see Hiccup at the foot of the stairs. "What's wrong Hiccup?" she asked walking over to him. "I had a bad dream..." he said holding his arms out wanting to be held. Val smiled and picked him up, "Can I sleep with you tonight...?"

"Of course my dearest..." she said carrying him to bed. That night they all slept peacefully until screaming woke them up, Stoick ran outside thinking it was the dragons again, but he was so wrong.

Instead it was the outcasts, and their attack was being lead by none other then Alvin, and when Val came out to see what was going on, Stoick told her to take Hiccup and find some where safe to hide with the others.

Val snatched up her child desperately and wrapped a blanket around him, Hiccup was too small to understand what was going on, she grabbed a bag full of food which she had packed for they're fishing trip "Mommy?" he asked looking at her as she held him close.

"Everything's going to be ok darling..." she cooed to him as she ran into the forest with him in her arms, she knew where he'd be safest, she didn't care what happened to herself, all she could think about was Hiccup.

Val rushed as quickly as she could to the cove, she climbed down the trail and sat down panting heavily, not long after had Hiccup fallen asleep against her, she tried to smile as she cradled her 4 yr old in her arms. Knowing Alvin he'd personally come looking for her, and that thought scared her, he'd more then likely take Hiccup away or kill him right in front of her just to take his revenge on her.

She carried Hiccup to a tree which she had hallowed out years ago so she could spend the night in the cove or if it rained. She gently place Hiccup in the tree, she took off her fur and covered him in it, she kissed his forehead and placed the bag of food with him so he wouldn't cry if he woke up hungry.

Tears ran down her face as she stroked his hair, she feared that this would be the last time she would see him, if this was the last time, she wanted to make sure he knew how much she loved him. She gently shook him awake and he opened his eyes with a yawn.

"Mommy...?"

"Hiccup, sweetie, listen to me... mommy loves you more than anything in the world... and I wouldn't leave if I didn't have too..."

"Where are you going...?" he asked sleepily. "Mommy's going to help daddy..." she said tears ran down her face. "And mommy..." she choked on her words, "Mommy... may have to go away for awhile..."

"Will you be back...?" he asked holding her hand, "Mommy will try..." Hiccup was so small, how could she ever tell him that she might not ever come back. "I love you Hiccup... remember that... mommy will always love you..."

"I love you too mommy..."

She smiled and kissed his head one last time as he fell back asleep.

She picked up her ax and climbed up the trail, she hoped it was easy enough for Hiccup to climb. When she got to the top she could see an outcast warrior, she gulped and hid from sight, she hoped he wouldn't find the cove, or her son, but when she heard his foot steps get louder, fear filled her heart completely, and thinking only of the safety of her child she attacked him.

Luckily her husband wasn't too far behind, when he heard them fighting he rushed as quickly as he could, only to find her was too late, the moment he saw his wife on the ground injured and bleeding, all he saw what blinding rage, and without a second thought, killed the savage responsible.

After the deed was done, he rushed to his wife side as she began to slowly slip away, he held her hand to find that she was growing cold. And knowing that it was the end, he listened to her dying words.

"Stoick... Hiccup's in the cove...please ... make sure to protect him..." she said as tears flowed from her eyes, " And tell him..." she smiled, "Tell him... 'Mommy's sorry...'" she cried weakly and Stoick nodded, he had seen many people die, but it never got any easier, especially now that he had to watch his true love die...

"I-I will..." he said as he looked into her eyes as the light was being drained from them, "Stoick... I... I-I... love...y-" her eyes closed and she fell into an endless sleep as her husband cried holding her in his arms.

The day of the funeral, he held Hiccup in his arms trying not to cry as they laid her down on a bed of flowers, she had died with a smile on her face, and everyone knew she would rest in peace. Her long hair was brushed neatly, and her wound covered, she was dressed in a white dress, with a bouquet of flowers in her cold hands.

"Daddy...?" Hiccup looked up at his father, "When's mommy going to wake up...?"

Stoick didn't know what to say he only held their child in his arms as he fell to his knees sobbing, he didn't have the heart to tell

him, he had loved his wife so much, and now she was gone.

And Hiccup...

He lost the one person who ever believed in him...

Val had made a wish before death, and even if she wasn't there to see it through, it came true, and she wouldn't be more proud...

End
file.